

A lab'rer long his motions watch'd,
 Hoping his toil to ease,
 The plot upon his pillow hatch'd,
 And seiz'd the golden fleece.
 The miser, swift in his return,
 Soon mis'd his borrow'd store,
 In accent loud began to mourn,
 And cry'd, and pray'd, and swore.
 To whom a neighbour, grave in face,
 ' Your passion, Sir, restrain,
 ' Lay but some pebbles in the place,
 ' And you've your gold again.'

M O R A L.

'Tis better to have no estate,
 Than bury and abuse it;
 Gold only cares in those create,
 Who know not how to use it.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Riches the blessings are of heaven,
 If properly employ'd;
 To sooth the cares of life were given,
 And made to be enjoy'd:

How

How useful is that donor's store,
 Whose heart and power agree,
 To cloath the naked, feed the poor,
 And set the captive free.



The